

1754

Sons of Ireland  
+c

1608/3341

T H E  
S O N S of I R E L A N D ;  
OR,  
P A T R I O T I S M D I S P L A Y ' D .

To which is added,

S W I F T ' s L I T A N Y ,

Dedicated to

C A I P H A S .

A L S O ,

T E A G U E ' s A D D R E S S

To the K—, in behalf of his Country-men.

A N D

His Comical Dialogue with *English Will*.

Likewise, A

P A R A D Y on the present P---me S--j--t.

W I T H

N E P T U N E ' s A D V I C E

To the Town of

N E W R Y .

And to the Kingdom in general.

Printed at Corruption-Hall, in Bribe-Alley, near the C---le,  
M, DCC, LIV.

1754





T H E  
S O N S of I R E L A N D ;  
O R,  
P A T R I O T I S M D I S P L A Y ' D .



IN Days of Yore, the *Irish* then  
could boast,  
For Valour, and for Learning  
fam'd as most ;  
Hospitably good, with Spirit of  
Honour,

The Nations all round smiled upon her ;  
Their Prince's Welfare studdied to promote,  
And for their good, still persever'd to vote :  
Then were the *Irish* great, and Patriots good,  
Ready to seal the same with their own Blood ;  
So

So Virtuous, and extoll'd for learn'd Arts,  
*Hibernia* gave a Welcome from all Parts ;  
 But vile Corruption, like a Serpent bold,  
 First found the way, with Place, and Purse of  
 Gold :

The Country sold, the Sellers got the Price,  
 The Electors hunted as a Cat doth Mice ;  
 What could they do to help their wretched State,  
 But either Flee, or else submit to Fate ?

But now we see Old Spirit once reviv'd,  
 And in our present Members nobly liv'd.  
 To help their Country's Credit to retrieve,  
 And her accustom'd glorious Acts atchieve.

Thus brave KILDARE obeys the Voice of  
 Heaven,  
 Wafts o'er the Seas, and travels Roads unev'n ;  
 He's uncorrupted, and our Patriot Peer,  
 Now leads the Van, our gallant great KILDARE,  
 He's still, and doubtless will unto the End,  
 To King and Country both, a steady Friend.

Now view the Train, and see *Astrea* guide  
 The noble Members swelling like a Tide ;  
 Whilst poor, corrupted Streams are driven back,  
 That kept the Course so long, receives a check :

Learn then ye Vassals, Corruption view,  
 Forsake bad ways, your Country's good pursue ;  
 Take this Example, Flattery ne'er shall foile,  
 Observe your honest *Speaker*, HENRY BOYLE ;





A Friend to the Community confest,  
 Base methods to enslave, brave BOYLE detests ;  
 Great and gen'rous Actions are his aim,  
 And all the adverse, BOYLE and Friends disclaim.  
 Oh kind Heav'n ! *Hibernia's* PATRIOTS bless,  
 The *Muse* inspir'd, those HEROES shall caress ;  
 And through the distant Nations loudly sing,  
*Hibernia's* PATRIOT SONS for GEORGE our  
 King.

Let idle Drones that Eat, and not make Honey,  
 Or pass a B—ll to take away the M——y ;  
 Repentance make, and for their Crimes atone,  
 And GEORGE with safety shall possess the  
 Throne.

Stay, says my *Muse*, your Pen's too much in  
 haste,  
 Forget not those, tho' you run on so fast :  
 Think on *Malone*, and let your genial Fire,  
 His Worth excite, and flame you with Desire ;  
 Hark ! hear his Voice, the Senate he alarms,  
 The list'ning Ears he wonderfully charms :  
 Thus for my Country's Cause I'll undertake,  
 Whilst I've Power to stand, or Tongue to speak.

In those soft Lays, my Pen so lofty fore,  
 Here comea the Illustrious Family of GORES ;  
 For neither Place, or Pension, they will grant,  
 No, these great Souls did not their Country rent,  
 They were by Providence for Succour sent. }

Then

Then great Sir RICHARD COX brings up the  
 rare,  
 Who in his Country's Cause doth persevere ;  
 His Country calls, and to his Thoughts excite,  
 With him my Muse is charmed with Delight ;  
 The Heavens preserve dear *Richard*, and the rest,  
 That for their native Soil will do their best.

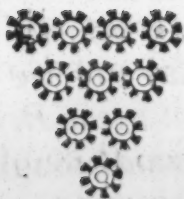
But what is this I hear ? me thinks a sound,  
 Murmuring Voices through the Nation round ;  
 Corruption arm'd with Pow'r, Sword in Hand,  
 Mark those, quoth she, that's not with my com-  
 mand :  
 And loudly crys, strip them of Place and Pension,  
 And give to them that are for my Invention :  
 I'll make them know ministerial Pow'r,  
 Give tamely up, or we'll with Force devour :  
 We dont regard the Pleadings of your Laws,  
 For Power shall break thro', and shew no cause.

Hold Corruption, you soar above the Steeple,  
 Must we be Slaves instead of free People ?  
 Is this the Payment we receive for Merit ?  
 Did not our Fathers bring you to inherit  
 This fertile Isle ? And did not we oppose,  
 With risque of Lives, all great *Britannia's* Foes ?  
 Then, Shall we see *Hibernia* brought so low,  
 And tamely submit to her overthrow ?  
 No, no, our native Country we've at Heart,  
 In the defence of her to act a part ;  
 Regardless of Corruption, Place and Bribe,  
 And all that are enlisted in her Tribe :

We'er

We're for great *George*, and *Hibernia* too,  
 And that's the chief, the only Point in view :  
 Oft hath *Hibernia* help'd to swell your Pride,  
 You fleec'd her Flocks, and can you thus deride ?  
 You rob the Hive, ambitious Views to serve,  
 The Honey take, and leaves the Bees to starve.

Poor *Hibernia* ! can a Son of thine  
 Pillage his Mother ? that's a shocking Crime :  
 Inglorious Acts of ours none shall recite,  
 But stand 'gainst your mean, tho' powerful spite.  
 Suppose you would by Force take off your Prize,  
 And o'er a loyal Nation tyrannize ;  
 The time may come when you'd be forc'd to call  
*Hibernia* Aid B——a from a fall.





# THE LITANY.

FROM a G——r who promis'd great matters  
to us,

The encouragement of trade, yet strove to undo  
us.

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From all his adherents, tho' appear e're d  
civil,

Yet preys on our vitals, fit work for the Devil  
*Good Lord deliver us* from all such evil.

From a P—te who minds more his *Ganimas*  
and *doxies*,

Than feeding his sheep in conjunction with *Foxes*  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a *Stone*, yet no rock for a church or  
priest,

For the good of his fold, or his country doth lead  
*Good Lord deliver us*, he is worse than a beast.

From



From m—b—rs that have good estates in this  
land,  
Yet cringe for a place, or some courtly command.  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a m—b—r who could not speech for his  
fat,  
Esteemed in this city, for this, and for that,  
But soon sold us all, for to get *you know what*.  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a m—b—r whose father cry'd *old tubs to*  
*hoop*,  
Tho' not long in the house to the c——t party  
stoopt,  
His exit will be with his neck in a loop,  
Surrounded with brave *Newrey* boys in a troop.  
*Good Lord deliver us from this sordid brute.*

From *R--w-ly* whose estate in this kingdom's a  
garden,  
Beholden to pension, or place, not a farthing,  
Yet voted for c—t, for to leave us here starving.  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From he, that his good honest name hath be-  
shit,  
Turned out to his country a mere Hypocrite ;  
Nothing but a rope, for him is besit.  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

For *Henry Boyle*, that good honest speaker,  
O Lord in thy mansions, may he be partaker,  
Enable him, O God ! if his power grow weaker.  
*We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.*

For

For *Anthony Malone*, late prime serjeant at law,  
Who stood to the text against menace and awe,  
May he value his place, as the de'el doth a daw,  
*We beseech thee, &c.*

For *O'Brien Dilks*, that brave patriot of *Mun-*  
*ster*,  
Oppos'd with his might, all the C——t party  
punsters,  
Let him never dread D——, or S—k—le the  
youngster,  
*We beseech thee, &c.*

Then *Munster* can boast for a patriot share,  
Tho' great was the Risque, yet their country's  
care,

But to follow the maxims of noble *Kildare*.  
*We beseech thee, &c.*

For *Sir Richard Cox*, should they strip him of  
place,  
Undaunted he'll all their politicks trace,  
Carre's'd by his country, his actions shall blaze,  
*We beseech thee, &c.*

For all good patriots throughout this poor nati-  
on,  
That stands by your cause in every station,  
To enjoy peace, and plenty, with a good repu-  
tation.

*We beseech thee, &c.*



TEAGUE'S

# ADDRESS.

I My self, and my honest countrymen, your  
 M——y's honest, but not flattering subjects,  
 beg leave to return you our sincere and unfeign'd  
 thanks for all the former and present care of  
 this poor footstool of a kingdom, but with the  
 greatest humility, and submission, begs leave at  
 your gracious throne, of representing to you,  
 that there is often in the ministry of a great many  
 kings in the World, — not saying your m——ty  
 has any such, people about you, a sort of state  
 fibbers, call'd, I think falsely politicians; upon  
 my shoul, dread sovereign, them sort of peoples  
 is not fit for a king, or one of your emperors,  
 to have about him; and please your m——ty  
 I turned my own servant *Thady* away for his fib-  
 bing and lying.

Now

Now I must beg leave to let your m——ty know, suppose I sent *Dermott* my servant to my tennants in *Connaught*, and because they would not give him money, God knows may be the poor people could not spare it. *Dermott* he is my shentleman, tells me, that the people is very rich and can afford it ; now, suppose my other servants, tho' by my shoul they dont speak, to me half so much as *Dermott*, will tell several stories and proofs to *Dermott*, and say they will appeal to me before *Dermott* shall oppress the people ; please your m——ty *Dermott* comes to me and tells me lyes about my servants.

*Harry Anthony*, and *Boyle*, *Michael*, &c. Upon my word, if your m——y knew the lyes of *Dermott*, would not you advise me to turn him away and keep them honest servants about me, that would tell the truth of them honest and faithful poor tennants, that all ways are, and will be, for the good of my estate.

Of you please to hear a dialogue between one of my countrymen an a shentlemans servant called WILL.

T H E



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T H F  
D I A L O G U E

W I L L.

**M**ANNY good morrows maffer *Teague*,  
To you I'm come to make a league ;  
For good of us, dear *Teague*, submit,  
By my shoul *Teague* ne'er thought of it.

T E A G U E.

What would my couzzien *Will* be at?  
Strip all our guts, and take the fat.

W I L L.

Dear *Teague* I'm scrious in the matter,  
Fo you meant I seldom flatter.

T E A G U E.

A cunning rogue, as sharp as needle,  
My *shoul* your message is to wheedle ;  
You bind what laws you can on *Teague*,  
And carry on a damn'd intreague ;  
Dev'l a much is left behind you,  
*La ma chorrus* we'll watch and mind you.

W I L L.

We propagate your linnen trade,  
What we cant do, by you is made ;  
My *shoul*, says *Teague*, you've all the rest,  
And part of that, you do contest.

TEAGUE

## T E A G U E.

Sure, says *Teague*, not half a century,  
 Sail-cloth was made free at entry ;  
 But soon you shab'd us off you else,  
 When you could make it for your self ;  
 In all Trades that you're extended  
 My shoul, poor *Teague* is soon expended,  
 In every place you trust us out,  
 And then put in an *En—sh* lout.

## W I L L.

Now *Will* crys out, good lack a day,  
*Teague* thou've given thy right a way ;  
 Have you for what, is done repented ?  
 We must have *all*, or not contented.

## T E A G U E.

*Der gey*, by *Pady* and by *J—us*,  
 They're rogues that did so much disgrace us ;  
*Ther la ma chordus* do not think,  
 To take our right as well as chink ;  
 But *Will* not long since you beset  
 Poor *Teague*, when all his friends was met,  
*Oh bone !* poor *BOYLE* soon smelt a *Fox*,  
 And gave him chace amongst the rocks ;  
*Der gey* you ne'er would be so logy  
 Only for old *Poyning's* roguery  
 God blefs king *Shorge*, i'm sure he knows,  
 That we, poor *Teagues*, are not his foes ;  
 I cant forget th' last rebellion,  
 When you, and *Scotland* was for wheeling ;  
 My shoul, poor *Teague*, was man of honour,  
 Defy'd her foes for to come on her ;  
 Turn'd out with brave broad sword and gun,  
 To kill or make the rebels run ;

When

When good king *Shorge*, and his son *William*,  
 Was harras'd by the rebel villains  
 'Twas doubtful but they might be worsted,  
 For *E—g—d* hardly could be trusted ;  
*Dry gey*, poor *Teague*, with bonest heart,  
 Stood by king *Shorge* to take his part ;  
 Now couzzien *Will*, you say you're come,  
 To take our m—ey in a fum ;  
*Der gey* you say, the king has sent you,  
 And *Dev'l a one* shall circumvent you ;  
 My *shoul*, dear *Will*, you sheat the king,  
 And tell him twenty lying thing ;  
 You'll say we'er Rebels like the *Scotch*,  
 And in our scutchions make a blotch.

But *Teague* will kneel before the throne,  
 And there relate *Hibernia's* moan ;  
 Tho' all the mallice you advance,  
*Teague* shall be clear'd with inosence.

A PARODY on *E---tn S-----rd.*

**D**E A R *St—d*, were you one of the poor  
 Rogues,  
 We might forgive your voting against *Brogues*,  
 But as you'd purse, and honest by report,  
 Who could have dreamt your vote was for the  
*C——t?*

Now mount for place, no interruption,  
 A place you purchas'd, bnt by corruption  
 P—me S—t, next a puny j—ge,  
 If you'l be first higher, then to *England* trudge  
 Tell them what you have done, and more can do  
 You will seduce more slaves to act like you ;  
 A hypocrite, that's call'd an *honest man*,  
 He, and his like, are fittest for the plan.

*Neptune's* advice to *Newry*.

To *Newry Town*, where *Phebus* darts his beams  
 Here *Neptune* sends his *Tryton* from the main,  
 Unto your Port, and bids you mind your  
 spinning,  
 The seas shall bear their ships freighted with  
 linnen.  
 But stay, says *Neptune*, some thing i've forgot  
 You never shall elect another S——tt.

Country in general.

On this sweet ile let wisdom cast her rays.  
 May satire lash the wretch that e'er betrays,  
 And all the witty, virtuous, good and sage,  
 Spurn at her enemys with *Patriot Rage*.

F I N I S.





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